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PART 3
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AMERICAN GUN AND WOUND'S MOUTHWATERING MERC OF THE MONTH

Name: Alex "Agent X (rated, we bet!)" Hayden

Take a looooong look, ladies! This hair-trigger hottie has the build, bullets, and blobs of scar tissue to give gobs of gals goose-bumps gladly, and inside sources say he hits what he aims at! Even if he sometimes fires before we're ready, wink wink!

Yes, he's every God-fearin', gun-totin' woman's dream date, and get THIS--he's nearly 100% DISEASE-FREE!

We had a chance to talk with this hunk of merc-y manflesh recently. See why he set our photographer Jorge's lens all a'quiver...

AG&W: Now, Alex, can you tell us a few of your turn-ons?

ALEX: Sure. I like long walks on the beach, corndogs, shooting people, and gigantism.

AG&W: And what do you look for in a woman?

ALEX: Gigantism.

AG&W: You like a big girl, huh?

ALEX: She should be freakishly large and malformed.

AG&W: Yes.

ALEX: She should be able to put one hand all the way around my skull. I should be able to take a sponge bath in her ski-boot.

AG&W: Let's move on for a moment. Now, you're relatively new to the merc scene, but you've made quite a splash. Can you tell us your secret origin?

ALEX: Yes. It turns out that I'm a corpse, injected with bits of the personalities of three gifted freaks: the gentleman's merc THE BLACK SWAN, his partner NIJO, and the "merc with a mouth," DEADPOOL. Jeez, now I can't stop thinking of an eight-foot-tall woman in a French maid's outfit.

AG&W: And what are your plans for the future?

ALEX: "Oui, oui, monsieur! Gladly shall I bring you ze beer with my fantastically huge hands! See how I carry ze entire twelve pack case in one monstrous mitt? I shall give you ze foot rub that will CRUSH YOUR INSTEP TO POWDER! Eet iz zo erotic! You will scream with delight and powdered footbone! C'est la vie, Fifi!"

AG&W: You realize this magazine doesn't exist, right?

ALEX: What? It doesn't?

AG&W: No. You foolishly agreed to the Black Swan's plan to reintegrate your personalities, and he double-crossed you. Now HIS powers and DEADPOOL's powers have combined to give him unimaginable new abilities, which he's using to kill you and your friends...

AG&W: And what do you look for in a woman?

ALEX: Gigantism.

ALEX: Well, DANG. So, I'm lying in the dirt, dying, imagining all of this?

AG&W: 'Fraid so.

ALEX: Can I at least keep the freakishly large woman?

AG&W: No.

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Well, someone slept late this morning, I guess! Dreaming sweet dreams, I hope?
The headquarters for Agency X are done, Alex, exactly as you requested, and early, to boot.
Want me to give you the guided tour?
AGENCY X
Scone? Scone, sir?
I have a great job.
Hey. "To boot." What a funny phrase. I'd like "to boot" Taskmaster in the man-essence. Heh. "Boot."
You're... only...s'poseta... take...one!
Eunuch!
Estupido!
Were you looking at my behind, Alex?
Mfff, mf'mm!
Pardon me?
No, Ma'am!
I don't mind, you know.
You can look.
I have a great job.
Your staff has been here since 6:00 AM, hoping to get a glimpse of you...
There's the guy! Howdy, Boss!
Way to wear a shirt, Mr. Hayden, Sir!
Doom's codpiece is full of respect!
You fulfill us!
Hope they don't throw me another spontaneous party. I'm getting fat on cake and beer.

AMERICAN DEPRESSED
The Avengers and the Fantastic Four both urgently need your help on a Skrull infestation.
I took the liberty of gassing up all the vehicles, and the governor has issued a pre-emptive pardon for any traffic violations you might incur.
The porn and individual serving-sized cereal boxes are packed and ready to go, of course.
The boxes make into a bowl.
Excellent. I'll take the X-Boat.
I've always thought I should have a boat. It fits my theme.
SPLASH
ALEX!
ALLEEEXXX!
Uh, oh. I'm dying.
Alex, look out!
Heh. "To boot!"

pffwwaah!
Alex! Wake up!
ALEX!
Blah! I was just about to get to the cereal and porn.
That's... that's not sink water.
You broke the sinks!
That would explain the tiny bits of urinal cake, I guess.
All I want in life is some cereal and a multi-million dollar cave carport. But no, I get reality instead. Stupid consciousness!
A little chewy, but my breath has never been more pine-fresh. It's latrine clean! Ptui!
Alex, we've got to get outta here--that Swan guy...
I don't think he's human anymore.
Do you see my guns?
Come on, Alex...let's go. Let's get Taskmaster and Mr. Wilson and skedaddle, ASAP!
They're not in the urinal, are they?
Tell me my guns won't have that urinal-fresh smell.
You've got my goon-huntin' outfit, right?
Yeah, I brought it, but...
Well, Alex, you got knocked on the head pretty bad...
Do you understand that we have to get out of here?
Hey, Sandi, remember how we saved your crime boss boyfriend's life a couple days ago?
Higashi is not my boyfriend...
That's good to know.
He told me he owed me a favor. And I knew a double-cross was coming.
So guess what?

"I called the favor in."
It's been a weird last few hours in a weird short life.
I just found out that I'm just a jumble of personality traits shoved into the brain and body of a corpse. And the guy who made all this happen, the crazy gentleman merc the Black Swan, has come back to collect the powers and abilities that I now have, that used to be his.
Not to mention all the healing ability that he, Deadpool and I currently are splitting three ways.
So it looks like a fight is coming... between three combatants who can't be killed. Not to mention that almost my entire personality has been stolen from the other two jerks, both of whom I despise.
I'm gonna need therapy forever.
FOOD

DEADPOOL WALKIN'

PART THREE A MEANS TO AN END

GAIL SIMONE
EULOGIZER

ALVIN LEE & UDON
EMBALMING ARTISTS

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S
CORY PETIT
FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS

ANDY SCHMIDT GRAVEDIGGER
MARC SUMERAK UNDERTAKER
JOE QUESADA AND BILL JEMAS PALLBEARERS

But... you can't, Mr. Wilson is in the crossfire!
Hmm. Yeah, he is.
Pity.
Have your men fire at will, Higashi.
Understood.
KA-KLAK
CRATCHT
KLAK
KLIK
RA-CHAKT
Hey, am I as crazy as Martin Lawrence in a sweat suit on a hot day or did I just hear the sound of a couple hundred magazines being inserted?

FIRE!
YI-YI-YI-YI!
Fire in the hole!
Fire at my hole!
RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT-A-TAT
TAT-A-TAT
TAT-
-RAT-A-TAT
RAT-A-TAT
A-TA
I CAN'T SEE HIM--DID THEY GET HIM?
GO BACK, FIND TASKMASTER AND GET OUT OF THE WAR ZONE, SANDI!
PLEASE.
-TAT
RAT-A
RAT
RAT-A
-TA

Enough!
HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
Hey, Fancy Feast...
You took a lot from us, Swan. Our powers, our memories...
But you forgot something.

Our cajones!
I was going to say our courage, but whatever.
Guy's obsessed with his schnitzel & 'taters.
You made me miss the death of the boy band craze, you pointless jerk.
BLAM!
BLAM!
I can taste your thoughts. I can make you miss delightfully...
NGGG.
SLICH
BLAM!
You shot me, you stupid spin-off!
Knew you'd be here, Alex.
My, my, my.

Tony... Tony, are you all right?
...Unn.
Tony?
Sandi?
I'm okay. Wait...listen... we may not get another chance.
You know my gift. If I see someone do something, I can do it.
All this week I've been watching soap operas and comedy romances trying to find some clue how to do this. I don't think it worked.
But listen--
--I've been shot, stabbed, punctured, burned, kicked, beaten, electrocuted, clubbed, drowned, and shoved off a building.
But I never really hurt 'til I saw you with Hayden. That almost put [redacted] under.
Tony... you...
You think I could ever be with a guy using a crap line like that?
That mask of yours does come off sometimes, right?

This must be what Wagner meant.
The glory. The ILLUMINATION.
You've shown some admirable fortitude, considering how your hired help all seem to have developed aneurisms,
I want the rest of your abilities. You won't be needing them. And your guns, please.
Hey, cowboy...
You'd better know...
BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM

THRIPP
THUUPPP
...don't nobody shoot my...ex-boyfriend...
...'cept for...
...'cept for me...
INEZ!
Hey... hey!
You just killed the nice deranged chick from the juice bar that I was gonna score with someday maybe!
Swan, you...

...son of a bitch.
Listen to that. I'm too pissed to crack wise.
Too bad for this wipe.
RUN!
Come on.
You know, I actively dislike that pasty fellow.
Come on.
So... what have we learned?
That his new freaked hybrid powers have a range limit. That that mental shield of his can stop bullets, but he has to be focused at the time.
Good job, Screech. And what's most important?
That he can be surprised.
Thank you for that, Inez.

Funny thing about this van, guys.
PELIGRO
I went for the off-road sports accessory package.
Wanna load up and go bird-hunting?
Is that C-4 in the box?
Yup.
Can you rig an impact detonator?
I've seen it done.
...to every passage a crescendo...
But first...
...I believe it's time for five small deaths.
Oh.
No true greatness achieved without cost, it would seem.

Inez--?
I'm okay.
Just got a high-velocity migraine...
So what's th' plan?
An' don't think I *forgot* that you and Sandi been primin' the *pump*.
...
Never mind about that. I've got ■ plan, but if I tell you guys, Swan'll pick it ■ on your brain ham radios.
What I need are three razor-sharp *distractions*.
Come now, Mr. Kayden. Show yourself.
Let's make this simple. What kind of life can you possibly expect to make for yourself?
Most everything that makes you interesting belongs to me.
WELCOME TO ALPINE PARK!
Even your fondness for this ridiculous theme park stems fr■ my own childhood.
I was *raised* in the Bavarian Alps, Hayden.
PARK!
You have the body of a *corpse* and ■ patchwork quilt for a *mind*.
I'll be doing you a *service*.
"The body of a...?"
Is that for *real*?
Sure is, Annie Oakley. Guess that makes *you* a necro-*whatsis*.
Your boy gonna be able to make the shot?
He just might be the best shot in this or any *other* world.
He'll make the shot.

Hey, Swan.
Let's spill some juice.
Should have killed you... in Zaire.
Shut up and bleed out, would ya?
You actually aren't lookin' too good there, Huckleberry.
AGKKKK
Your abilities...
So elegant. Like a ballet in my mind.
You'd best let go of my friend, sweetie.
I know you, don't I?
From Wade's memories. You're Crazy Inez.
Heh. NOW you've done it.
Don't--
--CALL me that!

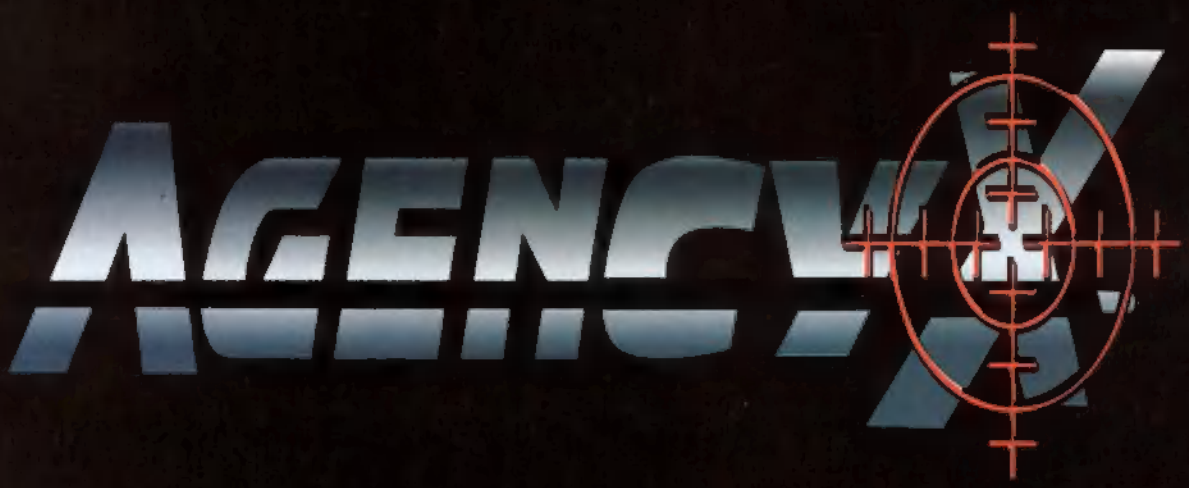
I don't like it.
So... So it would seem.
I don't seem to actually need my spine anymore, however.
Nnnnn...
Outta our heads.
Now, where are the other two?
Where are the lunatics?
I swear this plan is just like that jousting movie with all the rock music...
...except even stupider.
Say good night, Swan-boy.

You think...
...you think this will contain me?
Alex, you're going to give them time to get away from him, right?
Yep.
Dig, if you will, this bullet. See how it trembles inside.
What...your minds.
What is it about... something about...
Three... distractions...?
It wants to fly to its intended target.
This is what it sounds like...
...when swans die.
WHOOM!

Hey, Swan. You keep bitchin' about how I ended up with so much of your past, and abilities, an' all.
Well, guess what--your death memories?
You can have them back.
...
Nice, ain't it?
I can feel your brain burning itself out, Swan. And what's left of your family legacy is dribbling out your ear into the dirt.
Hope you enjoyed your brief stint [redacted] a god.
But just in case...
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

Alex... you okay?
Okay?
I'm content-amundo.
And unbelievably, I actually mean it.
This stupid dungbag didn't get it. Doesn't matter what went in the mix. Everyone's got the genes of a screw-up from somewhere.
So I'm a corpse kept alive by a stolen healing factor. So is Joan Rivers. I can deal.
Everyone else okay?
Let me check.
Do I still think in those little yellow boxes?
I'm good.
Oooh, I missed you, little yellow boxes! What fun we shall have together!
Inez...Alex and I thought you were gone for good, or we never would have...
It's okay, Sandi...
...looks like we all got a lot of talkin' to do.
So, this merc agency idea of yours--
--would we all get full dental?
Oh, yeah.
You know, I'm thinking, dead or alive, Swan is too dangerous not to keep an eye on. Who knows what might crawl out of his coffin if the healing factor kicks back in?
Anyone know a good taxidermist?

Sorry about beating the hell out of you when you were an imbecile. We got a slot for you if you want in.
Nah. I figure I have a lot of being a bad role model to catch up on.
Heard that, man. Take care.
You, too. Be seein' you.
Although, come to think of it...he did stab me pretty good...
...minding my own winkie in the bathtub, and he started beating on my poor sore skull...
Stupid life-stealing homage butthead!
Whiny puss-baby cancer-face loser!
POKE!
Toe-sucking Spider-Man-outfit-stealing dork!
EYE GOUGE!
Matrix-lookin' mama's boy froglicker!
GROIN INJURY!
It's like when you tie two cats on a line by their tails...
Two real Dumb cats.
Oh, I don't know...
I think the world's a more interesting place with them in it.
Circus geek!
Game show host!
Trekker!
Dude, that was low.
Come on. I think there's enough left in petty cash to buy our new partners some waffles.
You guys know anyone who would like to buy a demolished theme park and maybe an elephant?
Think you're funny? Corky Romano funny, maybe!
Well, you're Tom Arnold funny!
Potsie! Stupid, stinking Potsie!



ON VACATION!

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--TEAM AGENT X

PS, Be sure to buy CABLE & DEADPOOL this March for the continuing monthly adventures of the man without sense, Wade Wilson!

Our First Company Vacation!

WISHING YOU
WERE HERE...

(...SO WE COULD
SHOOT YOU!)
HA HA HA!

BYE FOR NOW!